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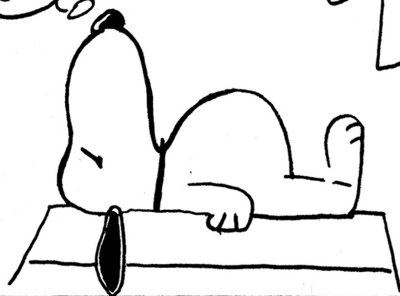
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Where
the Hell's our
cartoonist?



THE

CARBON

VOLUME XXXIV NUMBER XII

MARIAN COLLEGE

DECEMBER 11, 1970

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11: At 8:00 p.m. theatre production: Hatful of Rain right here in the MH Aud. Here's your chance to save 25¢ - buy your ticket before for 75¢ cause they're a \$1.00 at the door. Beer Blast at Lion's Club at 8:00, 9:00 or whenever (for more details, see Study Hall Lounge's Door)

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12: At 8:00 p.m. Hatful of Rain (try # 2). For the sports-needed people opposed to the theatrical you might note that the KNIGHTS will play (HERE) at 8:00 p.m. Central State. And as a special treat our MC Pages will perform to make this spectacular up to your ever-lasting expectations. From 8:00-11:30 p.m. you guys must really be behaving yourself cause the great girls of Class are sponsoring another OPEN HOUSE.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13: Brebeuf presents "Murder in the Cathedral" at 4:00 p.m. at Christ Church Cathedral on Monument Circle. How's that for authenticity? At 8:00 p.m. "Hatful of Rain" (try # 3).

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14: At 11:30 a.m. Athletic Committee Meeting in room 314. At 2:30 p.m. Acting Technique Class in Sac Aud. At 7:00 p.m. talk about a basketball game - here it is live when the Women's Basketball team at Marian vs the IU Nurses (in uniform, of course). At 7:30 theatre rehearsal in MH aud. At 7:00 is the SEA Christmas Party at the Christamor House (The Ed. Dept. one way of showing their joy with others during the season of all-out giving.)

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15: Pre-registration for soph. From 12:00-1:00 p.m. ACS-SA speaker - Dr. Richard Reiter in room 355. From 12:00 - 1:30 p.m. Faculty Council Meeting in room 207. From 6:30 to 10:00 p.m. Insurance Institute Exams in room 306.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16: Pre-registration for Soph. and Frosh. (Be sure to check your schedules 5 or 6 times because 1 slight mistake might win you for the entire semester; that is, spending the rest of your days in the Registration Dept. From 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Contribution Sale for TB ass'n in Aud Foyer. At 2:00 p.m. meeting of the Board of Trustees (Lib. Board Room). Their main issue this week will be how to get \$600+ per student and yet keep the student away from the school. Therefore, no problems only hunks of money to spend at their leisure. (deductive logic). From 5:30-9:00 p.m. CIC Exploring Div. meeting in MH aud. From 6:30-10:00 p.m. Insurance Institute Exams in room 251. From 7:30 to 11:30 p.m. Doyle Hall Xmas Party in Doyle Hall.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17: Pre-registration for Freshmen. At 12:30 p.m. Christmas Convocation in MH aud. From 6:30 - 10:00 p.m. Insurance Institute Exams in room 251. At 8:00 p.m. Knights vs Oakland City THERE.

FRIDAY - Christmas Recess after last Class - and you've got two weeks to rest and or write term papers, study for comps, play around - choose 1 and stick to it.

Merry,

Mae East

LONG NIGHT'S JOURNEY INTO ...

The juniors and the seniors - rumor has it - are taking a trip this spring, south, to Cincinnati, to get on a river boat and dance. No one knows why, really, but the gala event is being disguised as the Junior-Senior Prom.

Plans are for Marian's upperclassmen to board a bus and ride to Cincinnati, board a boat and ride down the river, and, once again, board a bus and ride back to Indianapolis. And if you're not a dormie, you must then board something else to get home. Already, I'm bored!!!!

The expense is plenty. Juniors will pay
(cont. page 2 col. 1)

LOST HEROES

The generation gap widens and deepens, becoming a pit of oblivion for those members of the "old school" who still believe in and uphold the "unfreedom" existing in America, who still believe in the false democracy and cling to their patriotic attitudes. The white youth has inherited a tradition in which they no longer believe. They have seen the necessity of change in the form of revolution as the antidote to the poison which was injected by their ancestors. They seek a "new America" where real freedom has meaning and foundation.

The youth have been subjected at long last
(cont. page 2 col. 1)

JOURNEY CONT. FROM PAGE 1

approximately \$30.00 a couple, and their guests, the seniors, will get by for around \$12. or \$15. a couple. But don't worry, you can cut other expenses. A semi-formal prom is planned, so you can save what a tux or a gown would cost. But, be sure to wear a clean shirt you guys. Oh, and, don't bother to buy a corsage, it'll be wilted before you get there. You won't have to worry about taking the chick out to a fancy dinner, either. There won't be time, so just brown bag it. And, "riverweed hors d'oeuvres will be served as part of the prom package.

All in all, it sounds lovely. I'm afraid there won't be great numbers there to enjoy it, from the talk that is going around. It is probably just as well, with a large turnout, the boat would probably sink. But for those going, it should be great. After too much booze, you can just hang over the side ...passions set afire, just cool off in the crisp, clear Ohio ... convenience!

But, for those of us who can't weather the voyage - the old seniors particularly, we will have our own cruise dance. We'll rent a small Evinrude from Walt's Marine Shop and take a cruise on the SAC Mall. We'll have records and a breeze or two and guarantee you on your way (to whatever people do before they return to their places of residence after having been out with a member of the opposite (oops) sex) by midnite. It won't be fancy, but just fun. Don't miss the boat, like the juniors have done. Bon voyage!

Dave Soots

LOST HEROES CONT. FROM PAGE 1

to truth, a truth which has been well hidden between the lines of history books. This truth has destroyed the notion of white supremacy by revealing facts about the so-called heroes of the white race. Truth has answered negatively. There are no heroes among the white race. Those who claim most fame are the worst because they used power and position to continue the "unfreedom" throughout the world. They were wolves in sheeps clothing feeding on ignorance, poverty, and disunity of the flocks. They were and still are the oppressors, murderers, thieves, racists, and exploiters of human beings the world over from the period of European expansion.

However, the "old school" refuses to reject these heroes and the false images persists in their minds and souls. Your mask has been torn away White America. The grotesqueness of your face has been exposed. The ground beneath your feet is fast crumbling. You are seen for what you really are - beasts. Beasts who have begun to bleed at the mouth, bleeding the blood of those millions of victims slain in the course of your vicious reign. Your strength is dwindling and you shall soon die. And it shall be by your own hand, the hand of your youth who have seen the truth. They will be the new heroes.

E. Ransom

Where have all the young, pregnant women gone?

SAHR

My Answer . . .

Much has been said about apathy, getting involved, and right-ons. And the seeming lack thereof. This is all true. That really doesn't change anything. Regarding apathy -- I could care less. I speak though I feel myself bored enough to speak for all people for all times except in periods of revolution, witchburning, and war which always seems to turn people on.

This all has changed. I saw the light. Bright red, that is. Traveling down White-River-Parkway-South-Drive on whisky-sours and bad faith like unto St. Paul from out of nowhere it struck. The flashing bright lights, the piercing wail, and the pulsating red bubble-gum machines. A pig at the helm. Not out of conversion but strictly from desire to be alone with my thoughts I pulled over onto the shoulder of the road. (I could go on about that shoulder, but some other time). Like baptism this thing stuck with me.

There on the shoulder of the road were the three of us: Myself, the pig, and his carnival-colored conveyance. And I had only wished to be alone. Like a spring blossom it bloomed. The unfolding of a genesis. I began to feel life ebb. I became conscious, Not of the Good. Not of the Real. But of Meaning. What it means to relate. I truly began to relate. Yes, me.

He asked if I'd seen the yellow line when I passed the car back down the road. I'd not seen the car. But no matter, I was relating to someone; someone who went out of his way to stop me, yes, me on a cold dreary night having the graciousness to ask the simplest things as to what I saw. It was magnanimous of him. Thrilled with new life, wishing to emulate all that was hitherto hidden to me I bubbled to him all that I had seen that day. That tree, this twig, I saw such a window, I didn't see John, I did see a bus, but I didn't see a train, my socks are blue, roses are red, but Violets are not and I didn't see any today. I went on and on. He told me to shut-up. He then asked if I knew how fast I was going. Of course I didn't. That was in my blinded past. I told him this. And I told him how fast I hoped to go in the future. Again I was told to shut-up. But obviously this was not meant unkindly.

But Jesus I knew, I knew rebirth when he gave me a ticket and asked me to sign. This was it ST. John, St. Paul, any and all popes, the League of Saints, the Circle-K. The communion. My first communion and I was asked. Me, simple me, the least who was asked to go with the firsts. I wanted to sign a thousand times. "Thank-you, thank-you oh Jesus thank-you." Mystical union.

He said shut-up.

I'm changed. Right-on. I can go on, get involved and relate. I know now. And if we all say "Hi" to each other in the halls and go to Mama Mia's pizzeria and don't dislike our administrators everything will just be great! Remember that we're all normal, healthy Americans and if we're
(cont. on p. 4 col. 1)